



REPUBLICAN-1899
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER-1900

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1914.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



There was a young man from Bombay
Took his girl out to ride in a sleigh;
The air was so frigid
They both grew quite rigid—
And thawed out in a nearby cafe.

Lent begins next Wednesday Febru-
ary 25th.

Mercury down to 13 this morning and
winter continues.

Handsome Swiss and Nainsook \$1.25
sounding 75c. Hunt's.

**BUT ONE COLLECTION AND DE-
LIVERY OF MAIL MONDAY.**

On account of the observance of
Washington's birthday next Monday by
Postoffice officials and employees there
will be but one delivery and collection
on that day—at 7 a. m.

NOT CATHERINE WINTERS.

Middleport, O., February 20.—"She
is not my daughter."

With these words Dr. W. A. Winters
of Newcastle, Ind., declared that the
little girl found in the care of Joe
Davis, arrested two days ago on the
charge of forgery, is not his child.



**LET UNCLE SAM
GIVE YOU THE FACTS**

Government reports show the steady
output of coal during the last few
years has made the dealers push for
wider markets. We are going to get
more value—your trade—by giving
you a greater value for your money.
You will never get out of debt unless
you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.

PHONE 148.

Our car load of coal is now on the Lime-
stone switch. Phone 145.
#20-1f DUNBAR & HUGHES.

Dressed Pine Lumber \$2 Per Hundred

We now have it. We are positive it will not be sold at this
price again during this year. Come and get it while it lasts.
This lumber can be used for outbuildings, cheap barn siding
or most any purpose except blue staining work. Buy it now.
You will need it before you can get it again at this price.

The Mason Lumber Co., Inc.
Cor. Second and Limestone Sts. Phone 519. MAYSVILLE, KY.
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.



Tailored suits for \$3.98 and \$8.98. In
perfect condition but skirts are wider
than this season's. Hunt's.

DEATH OF MARLIN SWEET.

Mr. Marlin Sweet, aged 29 years,
died at his home on the Fellersboro pike
near the brick yards yesterday, after
an attack of consumption.

He leaves a wife and a six-months-
old son.

Funeral Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m.
from the house. Interment in Plumville
cemetery.

**PROMINENT LEWIS COUNTY
CITIZEN DEAD.**

The remains of L. Harrison, a prom-
inent citizen of the Mt. Taber neigh-
borhood, Lewis County, will be brought
here tonight on the 8 o'clock train for
burial tomorrow at Mt. Taber. Mr.
Harrison was about 75 years old, and is
survived by a wife, son and daughter,
who reside in Lewis County.
He died in Cincinnati.

MISS AVERILL

Delivers Inspiring Talk on the "Tene-
ment Evil"—Some Conditions Here
Too Pitiful to Write Of.

The Woman's Club held its regular
meeting in the Library parlors Friday
afternoon.

The feature of the afternoon was the
talk given by Miss Averill on "Tene-
ment Housing."

She spoke as one having experience,
and some of the scenes depicted would
bring the blush of shame to a wooden
man's face.

The law she speaks of should receive
the support of every citizen. Miss Casey
told of a few things she has found.
Eight persons sleeping in two beds in
one room and occupying two rooms; one
of the occupants a consumptive—RENT
FOR THE TWO ROOMS \$1.25 PER
WEEK, \$65 PER YEAR.

How is that for an income?
Talk about clipping coupons off Gov-
ernment bonds. That income is quarterly
and rent is weekly.

If you haven't read Hunt's ad. do it
now.

NEW MANAGER

Ollie Chapman of Cincinnati to Captain
The Mayville Team of The Ohio
State League This Season.

The baby's named
It's Captain Ollie Chapman, of Cin-
cinnati, who will steer the Mayville
Club of the Ohio State League pennant
ward this glorious season of 1914.

Chapman has a good record. He played
under McKernan for three years and
this ought to make him a successful
scraper and an all-around gentle kick-
er. Last year he played center field
with the Kansas City team of the Fed-
eral League.

He comes to Mayville with a clean
bill of health and the local managers
are to be congratulated over securing
such a player.

The Mayville management has also
signed up the following players:
McDaniels, Donovan, Rich, Roicamp,
Wilbors, Bordier and Covert.
Things baseball are now beginning to
hum from one end of the land to the
other.

MUST VACCINATE

Says Mayville Board of Health To All
Teachers, Pupils and Employees.

Mayville, Ky., Feb. 18th, 1914.
Superintendent Caplinger, Mayville
Public Schools.

Dear Sir:

Owing to the prevalence of smallpox
in many sections of our State, and in
pursuance of an order recently issued
by our State Board of Health concern-
ing it, I feel it my duty to call your
attention to, and request an observance of
the rule of the State Board governing
vaccination relative to schools, which
is:

"No person shall become a member
of any school within the jurisdiction of
this Board, as teacher or scholar,
without furnishing a certificate from
some reputable physician that he or
she has been successfully vaccinated."

This rule is authorized by our State
laws; is mandatory, and it is the duty
of local boards of health to see that it
is enforced.

As this Board has reason to believe
that the rule has not been strictly en-
forced in your schools, and in view of
a threatening situation, you are re-
quested to publish at once to your schol-
ars the rule as quoted, and have it com-
plied with as soon as practicable.

Respectfully,
FRANK H. CLARKE,
President Mayville Board of Health.

Sale Price on Pound Paper

Elegance, fabric, finish,
160 pages, 15c. Other
grades 20c, 30c and 60c
per pound. See special
sales on School Bags.

J. T. Kackley & Co.

For Sale—Gasoline Engine and Dy-
namo in good condition

Choice of any coat, half price. Wom-
an's, Misses', Children's. Big assort-
ment. Hunt's.

Just open. A new, clean stock of
groceries and fruits at Dinger Bros'
old stand on Market street. Glad to
have you call.
19-3t ED RICHESON.

INVESTMENTS
Good First Mortgage Land Notes
Yielding 6 and 7 Per Cent.
FRANK H. CLARKE,
First National Bank Building.

"SPELLING BEE"

Time—Friday night, February 27 at
7:00 o'clock.
Place—Forest Avenue School Build-
ing.

Four prizes to be awarded to best
speller in the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and
Seventh grades.

These four prizes are donated by en-
thusiastic parents.
One prize awarded by association for
parent out-spelling.

Admission to all 5 cents.

Unprecedented Linen Store NEVER SO BIG BEFORE.

Doesn't seem possible a town so small would war-
rant it, but Mason county women are quick to recog-
nize values and our linen sales have increased with
such rapid momentum we are justified in carrying a
stock of linens we are authoritatively assured is found
nowhere else in a town this size.

Some, but not all the good things we offer you:
A superb Napkin value. Pure linen, won't "mat," ex-
tra heavy, 22 inches wide, 22½ dozen.

Battenburg and drawn linen Scarfs, Table Covers, Center
Pieces. Slightly marked during holiday selling, now half price.

A great value in all-linen, chunky, absorbent, Russia Crash
10c yard.

Absorbo Wash Cloth—3 for 10c. Soft enough for the baby's
bath.

White and colored Costume Linens 48 inches wide, 50c yard.
Beautiful assortment.

18-2

HUNT'S

THE KAPPA SIGMA PI.

The Kappa Sigma Pi had a good
meeting last night. Several candidates
took the second degree work. This is
an excellent order for boys and younger
men in the church. It will be a great
day when all the boys in our Sunday
Schools get into this work.

POLICE COURT DOINGS.

The trial of Pearce Loftin was re-
sumed yesterday afternoon in Police
court. Loftin was tried on the charge
of cutting and wounding with intent to
kill. He was bound over to the March
term of the Circuit Court. Bail fixed at
\$300, which he was unable to give.

**MOST RIVERMEN BELIEVE THAT
QUEEN CITY IS DOOMED.**

Louisville, Ky., February 20.—Prep-
arations to bulkhead the stranded steam-
er Queen City, with hope of saving her,
are being made today. Charles Brocar,
a diver of Jeffersonville, has been en-
gaged to assist in the work. Most local
investig-

river-
men
believe
that
the
Queen
City
is
doomed.

Another Lot of Those

SKIRTS Rubbe

Is on sale—the kind you have been asking
us to duplicate. We had to beg the man-
ufacturer for another 50 of them. Of
course he is losing money on them. They
may not be all silk, but they are very near
it. They go at the same price as in our
sale

\$1.50, Worth \$3.

Colors, Black, Green, Tango, Champagne,
Blue, Purple.

Don't mind the rainy weather
your feet are dry. Teleph-
size and we will do the rest.
dies', Children's, Misses' and
carry the best Rubbers for

JUST

"Central, give me the Be-
send you by parcel post or
APRONS for 50c. The
now. Your money back

OUR
REPUTATION
Goes with
EVERY PACKAGE

Mertz Bros
MAYSVILLE, KY.

The STORE
that LEADS
and
SUCCEEDS

FOR IT'S

PLOWING TIME

IN OLD KENTUCKY

And We Are Right Here on the Job With a

Full Line of Plows and Repairs

Ready to supply your every want. Such names
as "Oliver," "Syracuse" and "Eagle," the latter
made by the James H. Hall Plow Co., this city,
are too well known to you farmers for us to say
more. All we say is "Come in and buy. You
are very welcome."

Mike Brown's Plow Harness

Needs no recommendation. You farmers know
that the auctioneer's "this is a set of Mike Brown's
hand-made harness" at sales is enough to make
the second-hand harness sell for more than was
paid for it when it was new. It's a fact. We are
still making good Harness and want to sell more
this year than ever before. Come in.

MIKE BROWN,

THE
SQUARE DEAL MAN.



Major Horatio Picklin, is confined to
his fourth street home with rheumatism

Mr. Robert Lee Straus of Cincinnati
University is visiting his father, Mr.
S. Straus.

Miss Minnie Spreenberg is in Cin-
cinnati today to see David Warfield in
"The Auctioneer," at the Grand.

Mrs. A. F. Felts of East Second street
has gone to South Portsmouth for a
visit with her sister, Mrs. Perry Calos.

Mrs. John Wilder, of Mayville, is
visiting her sisters, Mrs. George Rion
and Mrs. Henry Rippetoe.—Bourbon
News.

Mr. Patterson, the manager of the
French Bros. Bazaar Company of Cin-
cinnati, was here looking over the local
conditions. He was the guest of Dr. R.
P. Moody.

Dr. J. R. Cooper left yesterday after-
noon for Detroit, Mich., to attend a
meeting of the American X-Ray Asso-
ciation, which meets in that city today.
He will be absent until Monday morn-
ing.

Matchless values in \$1, \$1.25 table
linens. Hunt's.

**ROBBERS HOLD UP NEW ORLEANS
LIMITED.**

Birmingham, Ala., February 20.—Rail-
way detectives and police with blood-
hounds early today began a search for
three robbers who last night held up the
Queen & Crescent's southbound "New
Orleans Limited" train, twelve miles
north of Birmingham and rifled mail
pouches of registered mail said to con-
tain more than \$40,000.

SWEET MELON MANGOES

Very fine ONION and CUCUMBER PICKLES. These
are both BETTER and CHEAPER than you can make them.
Telephone us for a far today.

GEISEL & CONRAD

The MARSHAL

by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. — "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health." — Mrs. AUGUST W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Improved Typewriter Keys. Safety speed keys equipped with springs and cushions for typewriters have been devised, which are said to increase the key area, thus lessening the chances for striking wrong keys, and reducing the jar and wear on both machines and operators.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

Well, Does It? France is considering a new method of checking her falling birth rate. Every male head of a family would have by this arrangement as many votes as he represents persons—two, if married without children; three, four, five, etc., if he has one, two, three children who do not themselves vote. "This," adds our informant, "The British Medical Journal," "seems logical."

Be Interested in Something. Many persons waste their energies and time by taking no interest in life or some phase of it. They pretend they are interested in art, music, books, because their friends are interested or they devote themselves to charity because it is expected of them.

No one grows old so fast or unattractively as those whose minds are inactive. You can prove for yourself that this must be so. Let your mind become passive for a moment and you will note how the jaw drops, the facial muscles sag and the eyes grow dim. Imagine the effect of a mind never, or only spasmodically, active. Verily to be interested is to keep the mind alert, and that spells youth.

Plutocrat vs. Nobleman. A prominent society matron, apropos of an international marriage that had ended badly, said: "This scoundrelly foreigner ought to have been treated at the start as old Gobsa Golde treated the Vicomte l'Oignon."

The Vicomte l'Oignon, presenting himself at Golde's cream-colored palace in Fifth avenue, demanded the hand of Miss Lotta.

Old Gobsa Golde shook his head and pursed his lips. Then, with a kindly smile, drawing out his wallet, he said:

"Oh, no; I can't give you my daughter. That is asking too much. Here, however, are half a dozen soup tickets."

Philadelphia has established a new city bureau to care for transportation matters and projects.

Appetite Finds Ready Satisfaction

In a bowl of

Post Toasties

and Cream.

Thin, crisp bits of Indian Corn—cooked and toasted so that they have a delicious flavour—

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

the Queen stood with a hand half lifted, arrested. Her blue eyes were alive with the crowing and weaving of swift ideas, and then with a catch of her breath she laughed at him like a pleased child. "Doctor, you are a very clever man," she said. "Together we are going to save the Prince."

The vivacity of the schoolgirl of Madame de Campan flashed for a moment into her manner, warmed to sudden life by the joy of hope. The doctor waited, enchanted, bewildered, to hear his cleverness explained, but Hortense did always the unexpected thing. "I'm not going to tell you," she said. "At least not till I have to—not till tomorrow at all events. But all today, as you visit your patients you may think that you are saving the Prince from his enemies; and tomorrow you may know how. Goodbye, Doctor," and puzzled and pleased, the physician was gone.

"Send Fritz to me," the Queen ordered, and a moment later the young man who was for years the confidential servant of Hortense, who knew more of the history of her middle years, perhaps than any other, stood before her. "Fritz, when does a packet sail for Corfu?" she demanded.

Fritz Rickenbach considered it his business to know everything. "Tonight," he said.

"You will see that the luggage of Prince Louis is on board, and that a carriage is ready to take him there," she ordered.

"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz said, standing regarding her seriously. "It is a great happiness to me, your Majesty, that his Highness is well enough to travel."

Fritz knew perfectly that there was a complication somewhere, and he wanted to know what it was. His curiosity was patent, but his deep interest in the affairs of his people could not be an impertinence, and the Queen smiled at him.

"You shall know about it, Fritz," she said. "The Austrians are coming. The Prince can not be moved. If they take him, it means death. They must believe that he is gone, and it is for you and me to make them believe it, Fritz. You must get a passport signed by all of the authorities—that is easy today; you must engage his place in the packet for tonight; you must tell the servants—tell every one—that the Prince goes to Corfu, and you must see that the proper luggage is on board. It will be known that I stay, but they will not molest an ill woman. Do you understand the plan, Fritz?"

"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz answered with his face alight.

And so the packet sailed for Corfu, and all day before the sailing the servants of Hortense moved busily between the palace and the boat, carrying luggage and making arrangements. And only one or two knew the secret that Prince Louis Bonaparte had not sailed in the packet but lay tossing with fever in a little room beyond his mother's, carried there for greater privacy by Fritz and the doctor.

Two days later, as the Queen sat quietly by her boy's bedside, she heard that the vanguard of the Austrians had entered the city, and almost at once Fritz came to tell her that the prince in which she was staying had been chosen for the residence of the general commanding. The probability of this had not entered her mind; it seemed the last straw. The Austrian officer demanded the Queen's own chamber for his chief, but when the steward's wife told him the name of the lady who was in the room which had not been given up, he bowed deeply and said not a word. It was another day.



Francois Was on His Knee by the Bedside.

of that brotherhood scattered over Europe—the friends of Hortense; it was an officer who had protected her years before at Dijon.

So for a week they lived side by side with their enemies and only a few feet lay between the Prince and capture, for his room was next that of the Austrian general, with but a double door between. It was a life of momentary anxiety, for the Queen feared each time the invalid spoke that they might recognize a man's voice; when he coughed she turned white. But at the end of the week Louis was at last well enough to go. He was to leave Ancona disguised as one of his mother's lackeys, the young Marquis Zappi was to put on another livery, and over the frontier they went both to change and be the sons of Hortense traveling on the Englishman's passport.

CHAPTER XIII.

The day of the escape, as the prince, was yet, lay in bed.

word was brought that a messenger of the marquis wished to see the Queen.

"Let me see him too, my mother," the silent, grave young man begged. "It may be that I can help you. I wish to help."

In a moment Fritz introduced a slight alert person whose delicate face was made remarkable by a pair of eyes large and brilliant and full of visionary shadows, yet alive with fire. Once saw first those uncommon eyes and then the man. If they had not been entirely concerned with his message they might have remarked that he trembled as he looked at the Prince's face; that his voice shook as he answered the Queen's question.

"I have the unhappiness, your Majesty, to bring you bad news," he said, speaking to her, but still gazing eagerly at the Prince. "The Marquis Zappi, my employer, is ill. He was taken suddenly last night, and today is much worse, and there is no chance that he can travel with your Majesty tomorrow."

The Queen threw out her hands with a gesture of hopelessness. "What can we do?" she exclaimed. "Am I to plan and plan and have always an unquarable obstacle? Can I not save my boy? I might have known that everything seemed too bright this morning, too good to be true. Yet it is not possible that after all they should—she looked at her son; a courage came springing back. "They shall not take you," and her eyes flashed defiance at a world of enemies, and she went over and threw her arm about his neck. "Louis, don't let yourself be excited, dearest. They shall not take you. I can save you."

It was as if she put a spur to her brain; there was a moment's silence and the two ladies watched her brows drawing together under the concentration of her brain.

"Of course," she said suddenly, and laughed—a spontaneous laughter which seemed to flood her with youthfulness. She turned her blue glance swiftly on the newcomer, the slender boy with the luminous eyes. "You are in the employ of the Marquis Zappi, monsieur?"

"But yes, your Majesty. I am the secretary of Monsieur le Marquis." She paused a second, seemed to take stock of the young man, of his looks, his bearing, his accent.

"You are French. Have you a sympathy with the family of my son, with the Bonapartes?"

It was as if a door had been opened into a furnace, so the eyes blazed. "Your Majesty, I would give my life for his highness," he said quietly. The impassive face of the young prince turned toward the speaker, and the half-shut heavy glance, which had the Napoleonic gift of holding a picture, rested on him attentively. Louis Bonaparte seemed to remember something.

"What is your name, monsieur?" he asked, and it might have been noticed that his head lifted a little from the pillow as he waited for the answer.

"Francois Beaupre, sire." The young man seemed to be out of breath. "Sire!" Louis Napoleon repeated. And then, "I have seen you before. Where was it? Not in Rome—not in Switzerland—ah!" His hand flew out, and with that Francis was on his knee by the bedside, and had kissed the outstretched thin fingers, and the prince's other hand was on his shoulder fraternally.

"The old chateau of Viqueux—my playfellow, Francis. I told you then I was going to remember, didn't I?" Louis Napoleon demanded, laughing joyfully. "Mother, he saved my life from the falling wall. Do you remember the story of my runaway trip?" And Hortense, smiling, delighted to see her sad-faced boy so pleased and exhilarated, did remember, and was gracious and grateful to the young Frenchman. "It is a good omen to have you come to us today," she said with all the dazzling charm which she knew how to throw into a sentence. And then, eager with the headlong zest of a hunter for the game, she caught the thread which wove into the pattern of her scheming. "You would risk something to save him, would you not? You will take the place of the marquis and travel with us, tomorrow, and help me carry away the prince to safety?"

The dark young face was pale. "Your Majesty, it is a happiness I had not dared to hope for yet."

"Yet?" the prince demanded laconically. He saved words always, this had, but he always said his thought.

The other boy's face turned to him, and he answered very simply. "But yes, your highness. I have known always that I should have a part in your highness' fate."

In the gray dawn of the next morning there was a slight stir through the palace, and out between the lines of drowsy Austrian sentinels passed a procession of whose true character they were far from aware, else history had changed. The guard watched the departure; the sick lady—Hortense—late queen of Holland, and they all knew more or less clearly, drove away slowly in her traveling calèche, and on the box was a young man in the livery of a groom whom no one of the half-wake soldiers knew for Prince Louis Napoleon; in the middle of the second carriage sat another youth of two or three years younger who was, the queen's servants had been told, the Marquis Zappi. Their passports were examined and they went through the gates of the city without awakening the least suspicion.

Not once in all their dramatic series of escapes and disguises were Hortense and her sons betrayed, but they had to fear the indiscretion of their friends more than the malignity of their enemies, and this part of Italy was full of friends high and low. At length it was time for the

Louis and the sham marquis to drop their liveries and travel as the sons of the English woman for whom their passport was made out. The clothes which Beaupre was to wear had belonged to the young man dead at Forlì—Louis Bonaparte's brother—and as he presented himself dressed in them, he saw the painful flush which crept upon the prince's face.

"Your highness, I am sorry," he stammered. "It is grief to me." And then he threw himself impulsively on his knees by the side of Louis' chair. "My prince, I wear them with reverence," he said, and then, hesitating, he added: "Perhaps I would seem less unworthy if your highness knew that, mere secretary as I am, I am yet more. I am a noble. It is not simple Francis Beaupre whom you honor, but a man created chevalier by the sword of the emperor."

The dull eyes of the prince shot a glance between drooping lids. "What is it you mean, monsieur?" he demanded. But at the moment the queen entered the room, and the lady sprang



There Was a Hubbub of Voices.

to their feet. Her eyes caught the picture of the young Frenchman in his new dress at once; they opened wide and then filled with tears.

"Louis, Louis!" she cried, and laid her hand on his arm. "He looks like him; he looks like Napoleon!"

A deferential knock sounded at the door. Francis sprang to it, and the landlord stood in the opening, bowing elaborately—a soldierly old man with thick grizzled hair.

"A thousand pardons for disturbing you, and the messieurs," and landlord smiled forgiveness. "Might an old soldier of the emperor dare to say that one could not help knowing the emperor's kinsmen?" He bowed low again to both boys alike, and again Hortense smiled at him. It was comforting to know that the two seemed brothers to the world in general, and she was so used to recognition and loyalty now that they appeared to belong together. "Might an old soldier of the emperor dare to show you—her Majesty—and the highnesses, the sword which the emperor himself had touched, the sword which he, Jean Greddin, an old cuirassier of the guard, had carried in four battles? There was a little story of the sword, a story also of the wonderful goodness of the emperor, which might—her Majesty—permitting, he would like to tell to her, as also to the highnesses."

And, her Majesty permitting, and the boys pleased and interested, the old cavalryman brought the sword and drew it from its sheath and gave it to each of them to handle, and called on them to remark how it was as keen and bright as it had ever been at Ulm or Austerlitz. He cleared his throat, strongly, for the tale.

"Might—her Majesty—permitting," he began, "it was on a day two days after the great battle of Austerlitz. The country, as her Majesty and the highnesses will remember, was in a most dangerous condition. Desperate bands—Why was it the landlord stopped?"

The party, caught by the fervor of the tale, stared at him, annoyed as the tale of the emperor, promising so well, halted at its beginning. The man stood as if drawn to his tiptoes, every muscle tense, his head turned toward the doorway, listening.

And suddenly they were aware of a stir, a growing noise; there were galloping horses; there was a jingle of harness, and voices coming nearer. With a step backward the landlord flashed a glance from under bushy brows down the corridor, through the open door at the end, which gave, on the court of the inn.

"Mon dieu!" He faced the three, standing startled. He spoke fast and low. "Madame, it is a squad of Austrian soldiers; they are upon us. What can we do?" He hesitated only a second. "Bleu-bleu—my horse—saddled under the tree yonder—if one of the princes—if the prince—" He glanced uncertainly from the lad to the other.

But the game was out of his hands. Quicker hands than his had caught the play. Francis Beaupre, the savior of the old cavalryman gleaming in his grasp, sprang to the doorway. "It is I," he explained rapidly to the prince. "Hide him, take care of him—I will draw them away. When they are gone, so that the prince and the queen escape. That is for you; you are responsible."

There was the rush of a flying figure down the hallway, and out Francis flashed across a broken line of a dozen dismounted riders, straight toward the landlord's horse held by a groom under the trees. There was a shock of startled silence as the impetuous apparition, saber gleaming at wrist, shot across the court. Then there was a hubbub of voices, and a number of uniformed figures fell toward

threw himself on the horse. A soldier caught at the bridle. The naked sword twinkled and the man was under Bleu-bleu's feet. For a second there was a vortex of men and a frantic horse, and riding the storm a buoyant figure of fury, flashing a blade, with infinite swiftness, this way and that. Then horse and lad shot out from the living caavass, streaked the background of trees a second and were gone, and the Austrian troopers scrambled into their saddles to follow.

Through sun-spotted, breeze-tossed woods two the chase; across a road and over a low fence, and still Francis led, but the heavy horses galloped. It was a hopeless hunt, for the landlord's mount was no match for the light cavalry horses, yet the rider's big weight and clever horsemanship counted, and it was fully four miles from the inn when Bleu-bleu stumbled and fell at a ditch, and Francis plucked over his head. His lead was short by now, and they were on him in a moment, in a mass; he was seized by a dozen burly Austrians.

The leader took a sharp look at him as he stood panting, staring defiantly. "What is this?" the Austrian demanded sternly, and wheeled to a trooper in a bunch. "Friedrich, thou knowest the cub of the Bonapartes. Is this lad he?"

And Friedrich lunged forward, gasping, for he had run his horse hard, and shook his head. "No, my captain. I have never seen this one."

The boy looked from one to another of the threatening group, smiling, composed in spite of his quick breathing. The captain took a step close to him and shook his fist in his face.

"You have fooled us, you young game-cock, have you? But wait. Do you know what we will do to you, you bastard of a Frenchman? Do you know how we will treat you for this, we Austrians?"

Color deepened in his cheeks, and Francis drew up his figure magnificently.

"You may do what you like, Messieurs," he said gaily. "It is for you; my part is done. The prince is safe."

CHAPTER XIV.

After Five Years.

The window of the cell was small, but it was low enough so that a man standing could see from it the vast sky and the sea-line six miles away, and by leaning close to the bars, the hill that sloped down into wooded country; beyond that the sand of the shore. The jailer stood close by the little window in the stormy sunset for a better light as he dropped the medicine.

"One—two," he counted the drops carefully up to nine, and then glanced at the prisoner on his cot in the corner, who tossed, and talked rapidly disjunctly. "It is high time that the doctor saw him," the jailer spoke, half aloud. "If the governor had been here this would not have been allowed to run on. I am glad the governor is coming back."

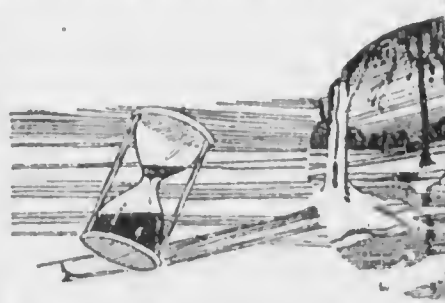
With that the prisoner threw off the cover from his shoulders and sat up suddenly, with wild bright eyes staring at the jailer.

"Pietro!" he yelled in astonishment. "Why, my dear old Pietro!" and flung out his hands eagerly toward the man, and would have sprung from the bed to him.

But the jailer was at his side and held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, signor," he said respectfully. "It is only old Battista; you will see if you look. Only Battista, who has taken care of you these five years."

The brilliant dark eyes stared at him hungrily; then with a sigh the light went out of them and the head fell on the pillow.

"Ah, Battista," he said, "my good Battista." A smile full of a subtle charm made the worn face bright. He



VALUE OF PROPER SPELLING

Attribute Highly Valued in Commercial Life, and Is a Sense to Be Developed.

Good spelling and intelligent punctuation are the accomplishments that keep many gray-haired women drawing good salaries as stenographers in downtown offices. The manager of a typewriting office from which are sent hundreds of stenographers makes no secret of the fact that good spellers are scarce.

"We had a customer come in the other day," said the manager, "who had evidently had a run of hard luck in the spelling line. He wanted a woman who could spell. 'No matter if she's cross-eyed and has a hunch on her back,' he said, 'if she can spell and write an intelligent letter.' While this was a rather extreme case it shows that employers are beginning to grow impatient over the careless spelling of today."

Another office sending out many stenographers has a series of test letters prepared especially with spelling catches for the unwary. Common words, famous as pitfalls for careless spellers, are strewn throughout these specimen letters. Fully half the applicants put an extra e in separate. In many cases the e before the last syllable in noticeable is missing, while the correct placing of the i's in the

spoke slowly. "I thought it was my friend—my best friend," he explained gently.

"Will the signor take the doctor's medicine?" Battista asked then, not much noticing the words, for the sick man was clearly light-headed, yet with a certain pleasant throb of memory which always moved within him at the name of Pietro. It happened that the name stood for some one dear to the jailer also. The signor took the medicine at once, like a good child.

"Will it make me better, do you think, Battista?" he asked earnestly. "But yes, signor; the doctor is clever."

"I want to be better; I must get well, for I have work to do as soon as I come out of prison."

"Surely, signor. That will be soon now, I think, for it is five years; they will let you go soon, I believe," Battista laid kindly.

"You are good to me, Battista," the boy said, "and just now you gave me a great pleasure. It warms me yet to think of it, for, you see, I thought you were Pietro—my dear Pietro—the Marquis Zappi."

Battista, breathless, stared, stammered. "Whom—whom did you say, signor?"

But the prisoner had dashed into, reason. The color went out of his face as the tide ebbs. "Battista, did I say a name? Battista—you will not betray me—you will not repeat that name? I would never have said it but that I was not quite steady. I must have been out of my head; I must have spoken his name before in this place. Oh, if I should bring danger to him! Battista, for God's sake, you will not repeat that name?"

Battista spoke low, glancing at the heavy iron door of the cell. "God forbid, signor," he whispered, "that I should speak here in his own castle, the name of my young master."

There was a long silence. The prisoner and his jailer gazed at each other as if saying things beyond words. Then the boy put out his long hot fingers and caught the man's sleeve.

"Battista," he murmured, "Battista—is that true? Is it possible? Do you know—my Pietro?"

"Know him, signor?" Battista's deep voice was unsteady. "My father has served his for eight hundred years." The man was shaking with a loyalty long pent up, but Francis lifted his head, leaned on his elbow, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"But, Battista, I know you now; he has spoken to me of you; it was your son, the little Battista, who was his body-servant when they were children?"

"Yes, signor."

"I did not dream of it; I never knew what castle this was; I never dreamed of Castelforte; you would not tell me."

"I could not, signor. It is forbidden. It is forbidden. I am risking my life every minute."

"Go, Battista," and Francis pushed him away with weak hands. "Go quick by—you have been here too long. There might be suspicion. I could not live if I brought trouble on you."

"It is right so far, signor," Battista answered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

With that he slipped to his knees and lifted the feverish hands to his lips. "The friend of my young master," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional faithfulness of centuries was strong in Battista; the Zappi had been good masters; one had been cared for and contented always; one was terrorized and ground down by these "Austrian swine"; the memory of the old masters, the personality of anyone connected with them, was sacred. Battista bowed his head over the hands in his own, then he stood up.

"I shall be back at bedtime, signor," he said quietly, and was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Daughter of David Kerr

By HARRY KING TOOTLE

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter's learning of his real character. He sends her to Belmont society, and promises to help her get through the packers' franchise and let her have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Belmont. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously on a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the furnishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the collection of his paper. Gloria takes up settlement work, and later on, she decides to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet her at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him. Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to change more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's. Gloria finds Wright unconscious, a victim of an attempted assassination by thugs in the pay of the political ring. She takes him to Ella's room and defies the thugs. She saves them by announcing that she is Kerr's daughter. Ella threatens to give up Wright to the thugs and is choked in unconsciousness by Gloria, who then falls unconscious on Wright's body.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Nothing of a personal nature had been allowed to help contribute to this success. No mention had been made in the News of the assault on his editor in Mike Noonan's lodging house, because to Wright it had appeared as a personal matter. The day previous Gloria had denounced him and cried aloud for vengeance. He recognized that had Gloria not been mixed up in the affair the result might have been the same, but the personal element was what made him hold his peace.

The news that the day had been carried for good government was only a temporary intoxicant. There were a few moments of exhilaration when his real feelings were submerged in the general rejoicing that David Kerr had been given a more severe setback than he had ever before received. Then came the clasp of the tide, leaving him on the desolate shore of disheartening uncertainty. The part was a nightmare and the future a blank.

The tumult and the cheers had died away, the brass bands at last were stilled, his sitting-room with two windows on the street and his own private entrance had been cleared of tobacco smoke, and the reception he had held when it was learned the election had gone his way was at an end, when Joe Wright sat himself down alone in the quiet of the first hours of the morning to take stock of his future.

Gloria? What of her?

It was always Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, running through his mind, knocking at the door of his heart.

Always of the Gloria who had spurned him, he thought, for he knew nothing of the part she had played in the lodging house. It was not a situation to contemplate with equanimity—this living in the same town with the woman he loved madly. Were Belmont of some size, a city like St. Louis or Pittsburgh, there would be the probability that their paths would seldom

cross. Yet in Belmont everyone knew everyone else and never a week passed out without they all met at least in passing.

It would be impossible for him to avoid Gloria altogether. He was frank enough to acknowledge to himself that he would undoubtedly seek those places where there would be some certainty of his meeting her. To be in the same town with her meant that he could not give her up. Yet he knew that any overtures he might make would be worse than useless. He felt that her prejudice was such that there could never be established that bond without which matrimony is unholy. The rusted pool may again be clear, yet he believed in her ignorance she would feel that when two hearts but once have broken troth there is no alchemy that love distills can make the past to live again and the dead present as though it had not been.

The harder he tried to fight against his conviction of what he should do, the more Wright was convinced that there was but one course for him to pursue: It would be best for him to leave Belmont. This would be not for a week or a month, but for all time.

It was necessary for him to disengage himself from the situation. He could

do through a broker. He was quite willing to let it go at a sacrifice, to lose what he had himself put into it, so anxious was he to escape from Belmont in search of that magical flower, heart's ease.

Having made up his mind, Wright went to bed, but not to sleep. The few remaining hours of darkness he rolled and tossed. It was not the bruises he had received in the fight at Noonan's that kept him awake, annoying as they were. It was always the one thought—Gloria, Gloria, Gloria.

Morning brought diversions which slightly relieved the tension. There were two editorials to be written upon the political situation. This was followed by conferences with men on the paper, and then came the letter to the newspaper broker announcing that the News was for sale. He did not dictate this to his secretary, but wrote it out laboriously in long-hand.

The morning was more than half over when he began to pack. It was Wright's intention to leave Belmont that night, ostensibly on a vacation for the purpose of recuperation after the hard campaign. The owner of the News felt, however, that he would never return.

The many steps necessitated in packing taught him how weak he was, and after lunch he called in Patty, the little daughter of his landlady, to help him. They had always been the best friends, and her sorrow when she learned he was going away on a long vacation was genuine. The child was of much assistance, bringing all the smaller things from the living room into the bedroom where the real work of packing was being done.

When the packing was about completed the little girl remembered that she had brought a doll with her. In searching for it in a pile of clothing beside Wright's trunk she felt something hard. To satisfy her curiosity she drew it forth, to discover, instead of her doll, that it was a framed picture of a young woman. It was a picture of Gloria which had appeared in a weekly society paper.

Patty had been wrapped the framed picture in old newspapers, and as she brought Gloria's picture, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Here's another picture, Mr. Joe."

Wright had put it aside surreptitiously when packing the things he had planned to take with him for immediate use. For the fraction of a minute there had been a debate in his mind as to whether or not he would be weak enough to carry her picture with him. He had finally placed it under a pile of clothing beside his steamer trunk.

"It's extremely good of you to find that picture," the man remarked with the gravity he sometimes assumed in treating Patty as one of equal years and understanding. "I don't if I should have found it."

"I was hunting for my dolly, and looked under a pile of things and found the pretty picture lady." She gazed at the picture of Gloria admiringly.

"Really, Patty, you astonish me! Your perspicacity is exceeded only by your perseverance. I don't think I should ever have found that picture. Just leave it on the table there, and don't—if you love me—lose your dolly any more, please; at least not until all my things are securely packed."

Patty was just on the point of asking the name of the young woman who had so taken her fancy, when the door-bell rang. With the announcement that no one was at home and she had to answer the bell, she scampered off. Wright picked up the picture and gazed at it intently. He was sacrificing all for her. Was the sacrifice worth while? The question would have been an idle one. He loved her, had never loved anyone else and never would love anyone else. No sacrifice was too great which would mean any increased happiness for her. The sound of some one being brought to his rooms by Patty caused him to put the picture hastily face downward on the table. The door opened to admit Mr. Hayes.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wright," he exclaimed cordially as he came forward with hand outstretched. "I hope you'll let an opponent drop in to congratulate you on winning the election."

The editor's face lit up with pleasure as they clasped hands.

"Thank you, old man. It's a really good of you to stop by before I started on a little vacation. The News won its fight; but of course we can't expect this to be the end of the contest, can we?"

The coroner shook his head dolefully.

"Don't ask me. I've feared to be a political prophet. Do you think it'll be a boy, doc? they ask. 'I don't know,' says I, shaking my head solemnly. 'I'm going to get that who also about politics. I don't prophesy anything now until after it happens. But I never thought I'd live to see the day that Belmont would go against us. I'm out of politics.'"

Wright smiled. "Isn't that what they all say—the day after?"

"It's the truth this time. My wife has done nothing but read the riot act to me for the last two days."

"I imagine Mrs. Hayes is a purist in politics."

"Well, I can't blame her," the doctor admitted. "She's been poking around down in the river wards, and that surely was a raw frame-up they had on you. She got onto it, and she's dead now."

Wright had discussed the affair with Dr. Norton and had also told Arthur Morrison what little he knew. This was the first intimation coming from the ring that they even knew of the occurrence. The newspaper man was curious to know the ring version of it. Dr. Hayes' remark afforded him the opportunity to approach the matter cautiously.

"What was Mrs. Hayes' connection with that—ah—little episode?" he asked. "I gathered from Dr. Norton that in some way or other she knew something about it."

Dr. Hayes stared at him in amazement. Miss Kerr had never uttered a word, yet he readily believed, as did the others, that both Wright and she were the only ones who could tell the story. The woman in whose room they had been found was still in a delirious condition at the city hospital and nothing could be learned from her. Although Kerr had ordered the police to bring in Ryan and Kelly, the search had been unsuccessful.

"What?" gasped Dr. Hayes, "don't you know how you got out of that mess and why the thugs didn't finish you?"

Wright shook his head. His visitor's manner puzzled him.

"I don't know a thing. I think some one helped me in some way or other, but Dr. Norton claimed he knew nothing."

"Well, I'll be darned!"

"Don't; there's no occasion for it now—you're out of politics. The first thing I knew was when I heard Dr. Norton say, 'He's coming to, all right.'"

Soon Hayes picked up his hat to go. He stood for an instant, as if inviting Wright to speak. As he did not do so, the visitor asked, thinking of Gloria while:

"Is there anything you want to know, now that you're going on a vacation, or would you like me to deliver any messages?"

"No, none." Then after a pause, "It is better so."

"Well, I'm off," remarked the doctor. He spoke carelessly, to hide his regret, for at heart he keenly sympathized with the man who was making so strong a fight for a principle that love itself had to give way before it.

He added, apparently as an afterthought, "By the way, I believe that offer for your paper still holds good."

Wright laughed, the little worldly-weary laugh he had sometimes permitted himself since he and Gloria had parted in Judge Gilbert's office.

"My vacation has started," he answered, "and I'm not talking business. But you can tell Judge Gilbert for me that the Belmont News is not on the market for his clients."

"All right, I'll tell him," Hayes replied as they shook hands. "Here's good luck to you on your vacation."

Wright smiled grimly, the thought that good luck would perch upon his standard was a sorry hope. He refused to bind himself to the truth with any flimsy consolation such as that.

CHAPTER XXII.

The morning after the election, Gloria called for the banner as soon as she awakened. The headlines told her at once that her father had been defeated. She searched carefully through the paper for some reference to Joe Wright, but no mention was made of him. Naturally enough, the banner was not in a jubilant mood. It predicted dire things in store for Belmont, but Gloria, remembering what she had learned at so bitter a cost, felt that any change must be for the better.

The girl had now recovered from the first severity of the shock, and was anxious to know for a certainty what had become of Wright. She knew that he lived and was not seriously injured, else there would have been some mention of him in the paper. The day previous she had thought much of him, but there had been much else for her to think of. Now with a return to what was to be for her the normal, she wanted to know how he fared.

All the morning Gloria spent in reading the paper, and she found that Wright had been defeated.

AND HONEY STILL IS THERE

Californian's Attempt to Rob Hive Resulted in His Losing Fourteen Chickens.

Arthur J. Holmes, a Beresford (Cal.) farmer, whose establishment is near the summer home of Antoine Hotel, was not out for a bee fancier. Some time ago while pruning some trees on his farm, Arthur was overjoyed to discover a colony of bees enmeshed in a hollow limb, busily engaged in making honey.

Recently he decided that the time was ripe to sample this unexpected luxury, so he proceeded to the tree and began operations by poking in the hole with a large stick. Then things happened.

The bees, alarmed and angered at this treatment, came forth to do battle, and in a trice Arthur was hitting the high spots for home, followed by the buzzing swarm. An hour later he thought it safe to come out again, and cautiously approached the bee tree, which was near the chicken pen. Stark and stiff in the inclosure lay fourteen newly hatched chickens. The bees, having lost their human prey, had wreaked their vengeance upon the defenseless chicks.

Why Wear Clothes?

Therefore it is that I believe, that as plants, trees and animals and all things that have life are seen to be by Nature sufficiently clothed and covered to defend them from the injuries of the weather, so were we but as those who by artificial light put out that of the day, so we by borrowed forms and fashions have destroyed our own. And 'tis plain enough to be

volving in her mind just what she ought to do. She knew that her father meant Wright harm. Pride and maidenly reserve wrestled with what she considered her duty. Her conscience told her that before she left Belmont forever she should warn this man who once had loved her. He must be placed on his guard against her own father. It cut her like a knife to think that the attack on the editor had really been made at her command. Now she could do no less than tell him how affairs stood.

Dr. Hayes could scarcely conceal his surprise when Gloria followed him into the hall after luncheon and asked about Mr. Wright's condition. He told her that he still kept to his room, but was reported as improving. Before he could frame a question, Gloria thanked him and fled up the stairs. About three o'clock she emerged from her room, dressed for the street, and announced to Mrs. Hayes that she was going for a short walk alone.

What the daughter of David Kerr told her hostess was the truth. She did go for a short walk, a walk that took her in the most direct way to the house where Joe Wright resided. The door was opened for her by a little girl who invited her to enter.

"I wish to see Mr. Wright," Gloria explained to the child.

"I'll take you to his sitting-room. He told me to bring anybody in that came to see him, and to tell 'em he'd be back in a minute."

All was silence in the room when the little girl threw wide the door and bade her enter.

"Then he's not in the house, you say?"

"No, he's gone to get a baggage man, but he said to wait," Patty insisted.

"Whom did he wish to wait?"

"Oh, anybody. He said somebody's coming to pack his books. He hurl himself and can't bend over the box."

"Oh!" cried Gloria, with a little gasp of pain. She remembered all too well the hurt of which he complained. Then at the same time came a new thought, why was he packing his books?

A more critical look showed her many evidences that he was giving up his apartment. She could not understand "Is Mr. Wright moving everything?" she ventured.

"Yes, he's going away."

Gloria gazed at the child in surprise, not quite grasping what she said. A smothered exclamation escaped her as she looked up quickly. There, staring at her from the doorway in honest amazement, stood Joe Wright. She felt her cheeks crimson.

"Miss Kerr! You here!" he gasped, before he could master his surprise. Then in an instant he went on in an even, conventional tone, "I beg your pardon, I scarcely expected to find you here."

"No, I—I—I scarcely expected to find myself here, but here I am." As she said this she extended her hands, then dropped them, a gesture which seemed to typify the simplicity with which the visit had been accomplished.

Wright readily recognized that there was some motive in the call, and dismissed Patty with instructions to let him know if anyone asked for him.

"Won't you sit down?" he begged, remembering his duty as host.

"Thank you, I haven't a moment to tarry."

Wright looked alone for a chair, to find them filled with odds and ends of things intended to be packed. The girl insisted that she preferred to stand and listened to his apology for the appearance of the room and the explanation that he was moving.

I learned at luncheon that you were going away," she acknowledged. "Since you would not come to see me I had to come to see you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

You'll wake up with a good taste in your mouth

if you chew this after every meal.

The refreshing digestion aiding mint leaf juice does it.



BUY IT BY THE BOX

at most dealers for 85 cents

Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages

Chew it after every meal It stays fresh until used

Hail to the Chief

Jones had not wanted to go to the zealous feast where the speeches strung out endlessly. Circumstances obliged him to stay. The speeches were strung out partly because the chiefest and dullest orator was not expected until late. Finally he came, and there was a rush of committee-men to escort him to his place.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jones' companion, "what is that they are making such pother about?"

"We still follow," answered Jones sourly, "the ancient custom of bringing in the bore's head."

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Children who are sickly, nervous and cross will get immediate relief from Dr. Jones' Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, soothe the liver, and are recommended for constipating children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 21 years. All Druggists, or write to Dr. J. C. Jones, 111 E. 12th St., New York, N. Y.

Accommodating Diner.

Patience—What an awful noise that man at the next table makes taking his soup.

Patience—Yes, dear, but he takes it very slowly, so we can hear the music, you see, between spoonfuls.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

His Finances.

"Say, Jack, lend me an X."

"That's an unknown quantity with me, dear boy."

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scaling, soreness, itching and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

Love does not always wait for poverty to enter the door before it flies out of the window.

Trouble at the Crossin'.

"Hello, Cyrus. How's things over to the Crossin'?"

"Pretty ditherous. We got a race war on."

"No!"

"Yep. Couple o' Swedes from Wisconsin started a market garden on the north rd."

"Well?"

"The board o' selectmen held a meetin' right away an' passed a anty-alien act."

"Well, well!"

"Yep. Peleg Brown has writ to Gov. Johnson of California, askin' how to enforce it. An' ever'body in town is wonderin'."

"Wonderin' what?"

"Ef Sweden is goin' to declare war."

He Knew What He Meant.

We were visiting a cousin whose small boy was very fond of the dessert served. After finishing his dinner he waited for a time and said: "Mamma, is there anything?"—Chicago.

An expert is any person who is able to impress us with how little we know.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Never apologize for having been born. It wasn't your fault.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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1600 ACRES WESTERN CANADA FREE

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J. Kees arrived in 1913 with a crop of 35 bushels per acre. He is now owner of 320 acres of land in 1913. His crop of 35 bushels per acre, which will realize about \$4,000. His 320 acres and averaged over 35 bushels per acre.

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Now doing well but larger earnings will be our proposition to women. We want a steady manly representative county. Hundreds hold and prosper service. No experience sary. "Down and wanted. Write for Dr. Ward's Medicine."

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FREE TO DESTROY. This ad. applying but for information about the Celestial, Fair Completion of canal & from Del. to the farthest point of the canal.

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See De. to the farthest point of the canal.

See De. to the farthest point of the canal.

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Do not holler because you are poor. A charity patient never gets a disease that has a six syllable name and requires four specialists and five assistants to locate with carving knives.

The total police force of England and Wales is now nearly 31,000.

A woman who has buried one husband, separated from a second and lives happily with a third doesn't usually think very well of the men.

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, over-worked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

There are 173,000 clergymen in the United States.

If you don't want to be spoiled with success, get a job in the Weather Bureau.

Many a fellow is always giving advice who apparently has no use for it himself.

THE MISERABLE GIRL.

There is nothing which will so quickly make a misanthrope of a girl or boy as to be continually mislabeled as a nink, or a fellow who is always giving advice who apparently has no use for it himself. Don't be mislabeled as a nink, or a fellow who is always giving advice who apparently has no use for it himself. Don't be mislabeled as a nink, or a fellow who is always giving advice who apparently has no use for it himself.

IF ROOSEVELT SHOULD NOT COME BACK.

When Mr. William Flinn, Progressive boss of Pennsylvania, was in Washington recently, he expressed the opinion that local opinion and woman suffrage would be two live issues in Pennsylvania. He said that the demand for prohibition was widespread.

"Do you favor a straight ticket for Congress as well as other candidates?"

"Yes."

"Would that mean the election of more Democrats?"

"Perhaps, but the Democrats represent progressive policies and it would be better to elect them than standpat Republicans," was his reply.

"What would you do if an Anacostia should swallow Col. Roosevelt while he is in South America?" asked Speaker Clark of Mr. Flinn, after he had been introduced to the Speaker.

"Why, I would vote the Democratic ticket," retorted Mr. Flinn.

"Then more power to the snake," exclaimed Mr. Clark.

AFRAID TO EAT

Girl Starving on Poorly Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Maine girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences."

"I had suffered indigestion from work, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress."

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self."

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged."

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.'"

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principle article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized."

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. Today I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

Russell R. Whitman, advertising manager of the Hearst news-paper syndicate, says:

"It is the broad, better and most of business getting. All other forms of publicity are the cake and desert."

The use of rattlesnake venom for the cure of epilepsy is being tried in the West Virginia Asylum for Incurables.

THOUSANDS FOR HOGS; NOTHING FOR WOMEN.

Kentucky is expected to get a generous apportionment of the \$600,000 appropriation contained in a bill passed by the House for the investigation and eradication of hog cholera and dourine.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cure for the disease of the throat, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for literature.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WASHINGTON THEATER.

TONIGHT

Robert Drouet and Eleanor Dunn in

"THE INSPECTOR'S STORY"

Lubin Drama in two parts.

William Branton and Helen Holmes in

"THE SILENT WARNING"

Kalem Drama.

Dr. TAULBEE
SPECIALIST IN
**Eye, Ear, Nose,
Throat and Surgery**
OFFICES—Suite 14
First National Bank Building.

**We Will Give
Tickets**

To those who call and "PAY THEIR ACCOUNTS." Ticket given with each dollar paid; also tickets given with each cash purchase of \$1 on the elegant diamond ring and ladies' gold watch.

P. J. MURPHY, THE JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Too Late to Talk

About the merits of the different warehouses. Nearly everybody knows where the managers work hard to get full value for the tobacco. Try us with what you have left and see.

Growers Warehouse Co., Inc.

Free Stalls in the Livestock Stables. New Telephone 272. MAYSVILLE, KY. L. T. GAMBE, Pres. W. W. McILVAIN, Vice-Pres. J. C. RAINS, Sec. Treas.

"Conscience and the Temptress,"
Religious Drama.
"Insects That Sing,"
Educational, Pathé Reel.
"Mother's Love,"
Lubin Drama.

THE CLASSY SHOW SHOP!

BULLET'S ORCHESTRA

A WAY-A FEATURE

Bargain Prices, 5c and 10c

The President and Mrs. Wilson were hosts at the final state dinner of the winter at the White House last night, in honor of Speaker Champ Clark.

GEM BEAUTIFUL.

Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson in

"THE SALE OF A HEART,"

Vitaphone Drama.

The Iowa Supreme Court yesterday declared constitutional the Webb-Kon law, prohibiting the shipment of liquor into dry territory.

The Senate "Probe" Committee at Frankfort will begin an investigation of the Western Kentucky State Normal School.

"How is your Shakespearean club getting on?"

"Splendidly. We learned two new stops last week."—Life.

In the fullest interpretation of the term a "society woman" is a woman with nothing to do, and who wouldn't do it if she had.

Pastime

TODAY
Open From 2 to 5 P. M.
" 7 to 10 P. M.
Admission
Always the Same 10c

SPECIAL FEATURE TODAY RESURRECTION

A Pathe Drama in Two Reels.

"A Working Girl's Romance"

Reliance Drama.

MISS ANNA BELLE WARD

WILL SING

"ON THE OLD FALL RIVER LINE."

"Love and Gasoline"

Keystone Comedy,
It Will Make You Laugh.

OUR GREAT HISTORIC HIGHWAYS.

THE CUMBERLAND ROAD

By Dr. A. N. Ellis.

When Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States he called his staff around him—two of whom, Albert Gallatin and James Madison, were giants and proceeded to outline the work of his administration. Among other things he said that the

French must get away from these shores and give up Louisiana and all that belonged to them West of the Mississippi so that our flag might wave from the summit of the Rockies clear up to the British Possessions.

Secondly, that that terra incognita known as the North-west was to be explored and measures taken so that the English might not possess themselves of the fur trade on the banks of the Columbia.

Thirdly, we must get out to the Ohio Valley by means of a great National highway to be constructed and controlled by the general government. He said

that just as long as our people kept away from the towns and lived in the country that our Republican institutions would live—that our people must spread out and live in the presence of the hills that shine with day and the fields that bloom in the heavenly glades.

Beyond that, mountains there was a living for every man and woman and that ways and means must be provided to get out to this new land of Promise. That was more than one hundred years ago. It is needless to speak of all that has been done in this land we love, since then.

Coming direct to the point we will build of the building of the Modern Appalachian Way, that Queen of Roads, by which the tide of life ebbed away from the New England hill tops clear across Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to the banks of the Mississippi at St. Louis. It was the most important stream of human history our land has ever seen. The story of the Cumberland Road is out a continuation of that of the Washington and Braddock Road through Great Meadows from the Potomac to the Ohio.

The only pathway through the Alleghenies for more than three score of years. It has had many names—"The Great Western Road," "The National Road," "The Old Pike," and two "Cumberland Roads." It began its existence by an act of Congress bearing date of March 29, 1800. It authorized the President to appoint a commission of three citizens to lay out a road four rods in width from Cumberland, Maryland, to some convenient place on the Ohio River opposite the Northern boundary of Steubenville, and the mouth of Grave Creek, which empties into said river a little below Wheeling, in the State of Virginia," &c. Take down your map and fix your eye on Cumberland, Maryland, 185 miles west of Washington. Beginning at the mouth of Will's Creek follow up the route across the mountains—where the eagle's scream and the snow flies deep in the hollows all the winter long—to Brownsville the head of navigation on the Monongahela and from there, westward to Wheeling on the Ohio. Thence to Zanesville on the Muskingum, and on to Columbus, Richmond, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, and Vandalia—a distance in all of 700 miles. Right here permit me to remark that the route of the buffalo was the summits of the water sheds. The red men took up these paths as did the white man—who came afterwards. From Cumberland the road was 25 miles in Maryland, 75 in Pennsylvania, and 12 in Virginia—112 miles in all, costing on an average of \$13,000 a mile or \$1,460,000. It was over a rough country and the whole was a very

costly undertaking yet it paid for itself in many ways. Next to the Erie Canal and the Union Pacific Road across the Rockies 50 years ago, it was the most successful thing ever done in this country. The first contracts were let in the month of April, 1811, and the coaches were running to Wheeling from Washington in 1818. When it reached the Ohio a flood of traffic swept over the road. In 1822 it is said that a single one of the five commission houses in Wheeling unloaded 108 wagons, averaging 3,500 pounds each, and paid for freightage of goods the sum of ninety thousand dollars! The road was built by the United States Government under the supervision of the War Department. Among the engineers known to fame were many both in the Mexican War and in the war between the North and the South—"Ol' 65." General Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. A. was one of them, as was also Major General Mansfield, U. S. A., who fell at the battle of Antietam; McKee lay down his young life at Buena Vista and Williams at Monterey. If you ever go to the Frankfort Cemetery you will see McKee's name on the monument erected by the State of Kentucky many years ago. As has been already said the first appropriation by Congress was made in 1806. From first to last 34 acts were passed the last one was June 17, 1844, at which time the road reached St. Louis. In all the total cost was \$6,824,991.33. Want of time and space prevents even the most cursory account of this great highway. Tens of thousands passed over it and carried with them many millions of money. Some of my ancestors who lived near it away back in Pennsylvania used to grow eloquent as they spoke of the mighty tide of people, and horses and mules and all kinds of stock to be seen every day—of life made cheery by echoing, horns of hurrying cattle, of the dust of great droves of stage numbering into the thousands—of life made noisy with the satisfactory creak and crunch of the wheels of great wagons carrying six and eight thousand pounds of freight east and west!

I never read over Thackeray's New-comers, when the following occurs but that I think of what the old coaching days must have been on the "Old Pike" between Wheeling and Columbus.

"The island rang yet with the tooting horns and rattling teams of mail-coaches; a gay sight was the road in Merry England in those days, before steam engines arose and flung its hoistery and chivalry over. To travel in coaches, to drive coaches, to know coach men and guards, to be familiar with lanes along the road, to laugh with the jolly hostess in

the bar, to chuck the pretty chambermaids under the chin, were the delight of the men who were young not very long ago. The road was an institution, the King was an institution. To give one a black eye was not unusual nor derogatory in a gentleman; to drive a stage-coach, the enjoyment, the emulation of generous youth. But now what a change! Where are your charioteers? Where are your rattling 'Quick silver,' O, swift Defiance! You are passed by runners swifter and stronger than you! Your lamps are out and the music of your horns has died away!"

In the old coaching days the passenger and mail-coaches were operated very much like the railways of today. A vast net-work of lines covered the land. Great companies owned hundreds of stages operating on innumerable routes competing with other companies. These rival stage companies fought each other at times with great bitterness and competed in lowering tariffs and making fast time.

Ten miles an hour was an ordinary rate of speed. In 1837 the Postoffice Department required in the contract for carrying the Great Western Express Mail from Washington over the Cumberland Road to Columbus and St. Louis the following:

To Wheeling 30 hours.
To Columbus 45 1/2 hours.
To Indianapolis 65 1/2 hours.
To Vandalia 85 1/2 hours.
To St. Louis 94 hours.

Cities off the road were reached in the following time from Washington: Cincinnati 60 hours.
Louisville 72.
Nashville 100 hours.
Huntsville 115 1/2 hours.

The Cumberland Road was the finest piece of macadamized work this country has ever seen in road bed, bridges and culverts and all that sort of thing. It was so well built that rain had little effect upon it as a rule until a bridge was built across the Ohio at Wheeling in 1836 mails often became congested, especially when ice was running out. This was also true of the mails over the Zane trace between Columbus, Ohio, and Lexington, Ky., at the Mayville-Abordou ferry. At times there used to be such an amount of mail at Mr. Jas. Helm's Hotel in Abordou that there was little room for guests. The first turnpike in Kentucky or any other Western State is the Maysville and Washington, 3 miles long, built between 1830 and '34, at a cost of \$20,000. From any very earliest boyhood there was in individuality, and a peculiarity about it that interested me especially the old mile-stones with their queer inscriptions. Now I feel that I can say much

THEY ARE FOR SALE. 100---BAGS---100

Crushed Shells!

Special Price. They Are Fine for Chickens.

M. C. RUSSELL CO.

Lovel's Specials!

Just Received, a Big Shipment of VERY FANCY NEW CROP SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES.

The Last Shipment of FANCY GREENUP COUNTY SORGHUM

Now here. Can get no more this season.

TWO CARS VERY FANCY WHITE TABLE POTATOES

From the best potato growing district in Michigan. Have contracted for several cars of extra selected Northern Seed Early Rose, Early Ohio, Early Red Triumph and other varieties suitable to our soil and climate, all of which will be here in time for early planting.

FOR THE LENTEN SEASON

Which is close at hand I have direct from Boston a big supply of Fancy Macaroni in barrels and buckets; also Codfish, White Fish, &c. Perfection Flour, which has no superior anywhere, always in stock. Coffee, both green and roasted, of the highest grades. My stock is the best, prices lowest. Finest Tea that can be bought. Both Coffee and Tea are bought directly from the importer for spot cash. CANNED GOODS—My stock is unusually large and being bought directly from the canners at as low prices as any jobber can buy such goods I am in position to meet the prices of any one and at same time give customers the very best that can be packed. Finest and freshest Seal Shipped Baltimore Oysters a specialty. Fruits and Vegetables always in stock. My aim shall continue to be to give my customers the very best at most reasonable prices. Country Produce, such as Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c., such as my city trade requires, bought at cash prices, and don't forget that I wholesale as well as retail.

R. B. LOVEL, THE LEADING GROCER, Wholesale and Retail. PHONE 83.

Royal EASY CHAIRS

"Push the button and rest." The kind that the whole family will appreciate and enjoy.

McILVAIN, HUMPHREYS & KNOX,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers. Furniture Dealers.

207 Sutton Street. Phone 250. Maysville, Ky.

Bill—"Ain't you afraid to take your tobaccker down when the market's off?"
Mike—"No, I'm goin' to the AMAZON."

of the same thing about the age and individuality of the old Cumberland like. There is nothing like it in all the United States. Leaving the Ohio at Wheeling it throws itself like an arrow clear across Ohio, Indiana and Illinois like an ancient elevated pathway, chopping hills in twain at a blow, traversing the lowlands on high grades like a railroad bed, vaulting river and stream over massive bridges of unparalleled size. The more we see of it and the farther we travel the more impressed with it as a magnificent piece of engineering built by a great government using the brains of the best graduates the West Point Military School ever turned out. Before closing these desultory remarks permit the following from the pen of a distinguished American statesman.

"The Cumberland Road is the monument of a past age; but like all other monuments it is interesting as well as venerable. It carried thousands of population and millions of wealth into the West; and more than any other material structure in the land served to harmonize and strengthen if not to save the UNION!"

WEST VIRGINIA IS BUSTED.

Charleston, W. Va.—Governor Henry D. Hatfield declared that the reason the \$75,000 appropriated for a West Virginia building at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco is not available is because of the deficit facing the State treasury. Should all appropriations be paid, West Virginia this year will have a deficit of more than \$1,200,000 in 1915. The governor says the Laint Creek strike cost \$500,000, and that the prohibition will result in a decrease in State revenues of more than \$412,000 annually.

Good Prices Satisfy Sellers!

"Of course they do." The Central Warehouse has Sales Managers and Auctioneers who by reason of long years of experience know how to get Good Prices. Satisfaction necessarily follows. To all those who have sold tobacco with us we will say we hope to see again, and we ask those who have never sold with us to give us a trial. We believe we can satisfy

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE
MAYSVILLE
G. M. JONES, Sales Manager.
E. L. ORRIS, Sales Manager.

THE BUSINESS MEN OF TODAY

are fully aware of the value of good dressing as a business asset. They regard well made, perfect fitting attire as much of an essential as the attractive qualities of a well kept store or office. The only question is who is the tailor who can make them the most satisfactory garments? There can be no question of doubt if you place your order with us. Remember this is the only store in this section where you can buy the very best of suits to measure at \$15 to \$25, they are ready-made. Remember we retail all our dry clean work free of charge in a workmanlike manner.

C. F. McNAMARA,
814 West Front Street. Maysville, Ky.

WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD A LIE

They say. Do you? If we are honestly mistaken we make amends. See our Washington window of new guaranteed

\$22.50 and \$25

Overcoats at \$15

Geo. H. Frank & Co.
Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Gov. Stuart, of Virginia, signed the Prohibition Enabling Act.

Standard Oil of California's net profits available for dividends in 1933 were \$19,386,149, against \$7,066,156 in 1932.

ANOTHER BIG SUIT AGAINST THE C. & O.

S. L. Pombas, administrator, has brought suit against the C. & O. for \$70,000, for the killing of Park Smith, at Silver Grove, January 29. The amount is the largest ever sued for in the Campbell circuit court at Newport. Smith was well known here, having worked for the P. A. Neider Company several months.—Augusta Chronicle.

ABERDEEN GRETA GREEN PERSONALS.

Mrs. August Sorries entertained a select party of friends Tuesday night. Miss Gussie Boswell entertained Thursday night at her home in East Third street.

Miss Ella Mae Small was called to Maysville Tuesday in her capacity as graduate nurse.

Miss Lela Melan returned from a pleasant visit to Flemingsburg, Ky. Miss Blanche Reidle, of Cincinnati, arrived last Sunday on a visit to her mother, Mrs. L. C. A. Reidle.

GOLDEN JUBILEE

Of K. of P.'s fittingly observed by Greta Green Lodge Last Night.

Greta Green Lodge, K. of P.'s of Aberdeen, to the number of ninety-nine in a most fitting manner last night observed the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the order.

The regular lodge services were held in the lodge room, where three candidates were inducted into the mysteries of the first degree, while two candidates took the second degree.

From the lodge room the Knights marched to the Baptist Church, where an excellent program, consisting of solos, quartettes and recitations were rendered by members of the lodge. Rev. Horn, of Avondale, who is assisting in the revival services at the M. E. Church spoke in a fitting manner on "Friendship, Charity and Benevolence." These exercises were enjoyed by the public.

At the close of the program the brave Knights repaired to the banquet hall where a tempting menu was served. Music and good fellowship was the order of the hour.

Among out of town visitors were Ben O. Greenlee and G. A. Hill of Maysville.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY COMING

Chairman Franks of State Central Committee, and Other Party Leaders From Various Sections Hold an Informal Conference at Frankfort in Which General Affairs Are Discussed.

Frankfort, Ky., February 19.—Hon. E. T. Franks, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee; Judge R. H. Wynn, of Mt. Sterling; W. D. Cochran, of Maysville; H. C. and John G. Stoll, of Lexington; H. Green Garrett, of Winchester; Charles D. Schell, of Louisville; Ex-Congressman D. C. Edwards, of London; W. W. Wiseman, of Danville; T. B. McGregory, of Frankfort; Secretary A. S. Bennett, of the Republican State Central Committee; H. Giovannioli, editor of The Lexington Leader, together with Republican members of both Houses of the General Assembly, and some local leaders, held an informal conference in Frankfort tonight for the discussion of general affairs.

Of these gentlemen happened to be at Frankfort on other business and was not strictly a party conference was taken of importance to the

enthusiastic nature, both of them are

What does Johnson want me to do?" he asked bitterly. "Play that loss in leftfield?"

Johnson heard the remark. The result was a feud that almost broke up the American League.

More than 100,000 members of the Salvation Army from forty-six countries will assemble in San Francisco August 15 to 22, 1935, at a convention of the International Salvation Army.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY SOCIAL TONIGHT.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the First Presbyterian Church will have a Washington Birthday Social tonight in the Lecture room from 7 o'clock till 9 o'clock. All members of the Society are invited to come and bring their friends.

MRS. O. J. WOMBLE, Pres.
NO FLOOD AT THIS TIME.

While there will be considerable of a rise in the Ohio River at this time, there will be no flood stage, the cold snap having checked the swell of water from the melting snow.

It snowed again yesterday; in fact it did a little of everything. At 3:30 o'clock the sun came out and it looked like April.

SPECIALIST IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Mrs. John S. Asbury, of Louisville, who is a specialist in Primary and Junior work in Sunday School, and a state officer in the Christian Church schools will be in Maysville over Sunday and Monday to give instruction and help to the Bible School workers in the Christian Sunday School. Special services will be held both on Sunday and on Monday.

The parents of both the Junior and Primary departments are urged to come with their children, in order that the attendance may be large and the best results attained.

WILL CLOSE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

All the banks in the city will be closed Monday on account of Washington's Birthday.

The five mail carriers out of Maysville will make no deliveries Monday. There will be one delivery and a collection from all boxes at 7 a. m.

One general collection in the afternoon at 3 p. m.

Rural Carriers, however, will be on duty at the post office from 8 a. m. to 10 a. m. to deliver mail to patrons who call for same.

Stamp, parcel post, and general delivery windows will be open from 8 a. m. to 10 a. m.

No business will be transacted in the money order, postal savings bank, and registry divisions.

TOO MUCH TALK

Started Feds—The Ungrateful Wagging of Tongues Has Been Mighty Expensive To Sport of All Kinds

(Louisville Herald.)

Charles W. Murphy, head of the Chicago "Cubs," may go down in sports history as the author of the most costly phrase ever coined. His remark: "I don't deal with messenger boys," already has cost organized baseball a fortune.

The story of that phrase is interesting. There were in Chicago two young hustling business men, both of whom had acquired wealth rapidly and both of which were baseball fans. They were the two Charlies—Weegham and Walker.

When Murphy summarily "fired" Frank Chance, chiefly to reduce expenses, the two Charlies were indignant. They admired Chance and wanted to keep him at the head of the Chicago club. They, with some others, hit upon a plan of buying the Chicago club, putting Chance in charge and disposing of Murphy. They and their friends sent Ed Westlake, a well-known Chicago newspaper man, with a check for \$100,000 to offer Murphy \$1,000,000 for the Chicago Club. Westlake attempted to open negotiations and Murphy, already angered by criticism, turned upon him with his lion's roar about messenger boys.

The reply to their offer angered the men involved in the deal and they waited for their opportunity. When the situation ripened Weegham and Walker took control, promoted the Federal League, and Murphy is commencing to realize that if a soft answer turns away wrath a hard one may do the same—with reverse results.

One sharp shaft of sarcasm made Jack Johnson champion of the world and overthrew Jim Jeffries. Billy Deane did not like Jeff's marriage. ... made a caustic remark about Mrs. Jeffries. The lighter's wife heard of it Delaney was driven from the Jeffries camp.

Out of revenge he turned to Johnson. Those on the inside always will think that, with Delaney behind him instead of behind his foe, Jeffries would have won at Reno. Some of his camp followers declare he was whipped the moment he heard Delaney was to second the fight.

Another costly remark was that of Charles Comisky, of the White Sox. One morning President Johnson, of the American League, sent Comisky a magnificent black bass that he had caught. Half an hour later he sent Comisky notice suspending Jimmy Callahan for three days. Comisky was without a left belder and was fighting for the pennant.

"What does Johnson want me to do?" he asked bitterly. "Play that loss in leftfield?"

Johnson heard the remark. The result was a feud that almost broke up the American League.

WE ARE EQUIPPED

to produce portraits that are right and our long experience is back of every picture we make.

The child—the parent—the grand parent—all are assured of a good likeness and artistic finish when we do the work. Come in at any time, or if more desirable make an appointment.

Broose

The Photographer in Your Town.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE WINS POINT.

Frankfort, Ky., February 19.—The Senate Committee on Woman Suffrage decided tonight to report favorably the bill to submit to the voters an amendment to the constitution giving to women of Kentucky full suffrage.

WEATHER REPORT

FAIR TODAY AND TOMORROW; COLDER.

MAYSVILLE PRODUCE MARKET

Following are this morning's quotations on country produce, telephoned at 9 o'clock by the E. L. Manchester Produce Company:

Eggs 10c
Ducks 10c
Hens 11c
Butter 14c
Old roosters 9c
Geese 10c
Turkeys 16c

CINCINNATI MARKETS

Live Stock.

Cincinnati, Feb. 19.—Hog receipts 2450; market steady; common to choice, \$5.00@5.50. Cattle receipts 450; market slow and weak; steers, \$5.75@6.35; heifers, \$5.50@6.25; cows, \$3.25@4.75; calves steady, \$6@11.75. Sheep receipts 80; market steady; lambs slow and weak, \$5.75@8.00.

Provisions.

Provisions steady, butter steady, eggs easy, prime firsts 23 1/2c; firsts, 21 1/2c@22 1/2c; seconds, 20 1/2c. Poultry steady unchanged.

Grain.

Wheat firm, 99 1/2c@1.00 1/2c; corn steady 67@68c; oats steady, 41 1/2c@42c; rye firm, 63@65c.

Union Trust and Savings Co.

Maysville, - - Kentucky

Strawberry Plants, Fruit and Shade Trees, Shrubs, Asparagus, Grape Vines, Rhubarb, Roses, Peonies, Philox, Seed Potatoes. Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. Free Catalogs. No Agents.

H. F. HILLENMEYER & SONS, NURSERYMEN SINCE 1841.

HERE'S A BARGAIN

We have about 60 Bushels CLOVER SEED that has about 15% ALSYKE in it that we are going to sell at \$9 per bushel CASH. Come quick if you want some of it.

RAINS BROS. PHONE 191

AS WE ARE NEARING THE END

Of the season we would advise that you get your tobacco in as soon as possible. The market is still strong and prices good, especially noticeable at the

INDEPENDENT WAREHOUSE

Where your interests are looked after by experienced tobacco people. Our business up until now, which has been merited by our interest in behalf of our customers, has been very satisfactory. We wish again to solicit you to sell the remainder of your crop with us and we assure you that we will use every effort in your behalf.

The Independent Loose Leaf Tobacco Co.

WM. GROPPENBACHER, Manager, Formerly of the Farmers Warehouse.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE MONEY YOU EARN?

YOU WON'T BE AFRAID OF THEIVES IF YOUR MONEY IS IN OUR BANK

Burglars always spot the house where the money is hidden. That's the burglar's business. They know all the pet hiding places—the book case, under the carpet, in the sugar bowl, behind the pictures or in the clock. Besides, if burglars don't get it, fire may. It is our business to keep your money safe.

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

STATE NATIONAL BANK

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Mrs. David Revent of Mt. Olivet was the guest of friends in the city yesterday.

Mr. Charles T. Culvert, who has been quite ill at his home in West Third St., is improving.

BAD BUFFALO NICKLES.

(Danville Advocate.) Kentucky is flooded with counterfeit buffalo nickels. Quite a number have been discovered in Danville. The counterfeit is almost an exact reproduction of the original and cannot be told from the genuine except by an expert.

ORANGES ON DISPLAY.

San Bernardino, Cal.—The National Orange Show, displaying over 3,000,000 oranges and lemons, opened here. It is the fourth annual exposition. Prizes for the best fruit will be awarded when the exposition ends next week. The exposition cost \$150,000, and represents this year's production of 43,000 carloads of fruit, worth \$35,000,000.

MISS KATIE MILLER PASSED AWAY AT COVINGTON.

Miss Kate Miller, aged about 70 years, died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Covington, about 5 o'clock Thursday night.

Heart trouble caused her death and old age. One brother, Mr. John Miller residing at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and one sister, Mrs. George Lingenfelter of the county survive her. The remains will be brought up on the 1:36 train and taken to the home of her niece, Mrs. Mary Frederick, No. 311 East Second street.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

RIVER NEWS.

No ice in the river. Gauge marks 25 feet, rose four feet last night. Capt. C. M. Plister says the rise may reach 35 feet by Sunday, but the cold weather prevented a 50-foot stage.

Our Colored Citizens.

Miss Nettie Ward is confined to her bed by an attack of grip.

Miss Mary Whentley, who has been very ill is somewhat better and hopes to be out soon.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

One Gallon Good Molasses 50c.

Bring your jug and try one gallon. If not satisfactory your money will be refunded.

Canned Tomatoes Per Dozen Cans \$1.10

Canned Corn Per Dozen 95c

J. C. CABLISH & BRO. Quality Grocers.

People's Column No Charge!

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No Business Advertisements inserted without pay.

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Our advertisements are sent to the public free of charge. We are not in the business of making money, but of serving the public.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER, No. 10 East Third Street, WANTED.

CANDY SALESMEN WANTED.—\$100 Monthly, and all travelling expenses to start. Experience unnecessary. Solicit orders from dealers in your locality and surrounding territory for our high-grade Chocolates, Bon-Bons and all kinds of Candies. Write quickly for full particulars and contract. KASE CANDY CO., New York, N. Y. 118-8W

WANTED—Work of any kind so its honest, by a young boy, age 16. Can read and write. Don't smoke or chew tobacco. Address Walter F. Grisham, R. D. No. 1, at Mr. Wm. Tuggle, Maysville, Ky.

WANTED—A girl to wait on table at 123 Market street.

FOR RENT.—6 room cottages and 6 room flats, new, neat, sanitary, gas, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, one floor, the acme of economy, comfort and convenience. Excellent location. Fourth and Plum streets. J. M. COLLINS.

FOR SALE.—Six room house in good repair; gas and water. Apply at No. 519 West Second street. 13-6t

FARM FOR SALE.—Well improved; 56 1/2 acres on rural route, 1 1/2 miles from Orangeburg High School; cheap. Call on or address Dr. R. P. Moody, Maysville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—A fine rosewood EMERSON Grand Square PIANO, excellent tone, finest make, in good condition, and without a blemish. Price reasonable. Call PHONE 383, Maysville.

LOST.—Gold cuff button between the Racket Store and Forest avenue, by way of the L. & N. Finder please leave at the Racket Store.

LOST.—A platinum bar pin with chip diamonds between Pastime and Dr. John Barbour's residence. Return to Miss Barbour.

LOST.—Gold cuff button between Commerce and Market streets. Finder please leave at Wallace's restaurant.

Floods are damaging California.

The Court of Appeals has granted a new trial to Mrs. Mac K. Eversole, convicted in Perry County of killing her husband.

Catherine Winters, the missing Indiana girl, once thought to have been in Maysville, is now said to be located at Middleport, Ohio.

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Saturday at Hoeflich's

The thaw of the last few days wet some goods. They have been put out to sell regardless of former price.

White Goods, Gingshams and Curtain Goods.

Remnants of many kinds very cheap. See the Tango: Hair Pins, Tango Buckles, Tango Beads, Tango shades in everything. New Ruffings from 10c up. The greatest Glove bargain ever. All the short Gloves left from 74c sale now 50c. All the long Gloves left from the sale now \$1.

You cannot afford to miss these goods. Six spools Clark's Thread 25c. March Fashions are here and best of all the goods are here also.

ROBERT L. HOEFLICH 211 and 213 MARKET STREET.

Still in the Ring

We Are Not Going to Leave Maysville. We Are Here to Stay.

We merely were closing out an extra line of Gas Stoves. Come and see our unrivaled goods and judge for yourself.

MAYSVILLE NATURAL GAS & PLUMBING CO. CHARLES SHORT. 116 Sutton Street.

The Wright Way to Smoke Meat.

By using the Wright Way of curing meat you can have the best meat that can possibly be produced.

The Wright Way is to use Wright's Ham Pickle for making sugar-cured meat and then smoke with Wright's Smoke. For sale by

JOHN C. PECOR DRUGGIST.

J. C. CABLISH & BRO. Quality Grocers.

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J. WESLEY LEE, THE GOOD CLOTHES MAN, Second and Market Streets.